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L. W. SHULMAN
CALGARY, ALBERTA

SKYLINE TRAIL



No. 64

SUMMER

1955

XBT 125



One more river to cross—if she's lucky.



Stowing it away — camp style.



Where the long road ends and the long, long trail begins. Hikers set out on trail to camp after leaving truck which took them to trailhead from bus terminal on Spray Lakes. Subsequent bridges were of the single-log variety as per example at upper left.



Skoki Camp flashback: Sightseeing in '54.

(Dr. W. M. Foster)

GATEWAY TO TRAILS ENCHANTED!

Hike Dreams Come True At Lovely Lake O'Hara



IT'S THE pot of gold at the end of every hiker's rainbow—the ultimate in every hiker's dream! And this summer that dream will come true for upwards of 60 or so "knights of the heights" who will follow a rainbow trail to a gem every bit as glittering and glamorous as the mythical pot of gold itself.

And just like the rainbow, this gem is way up high—in a land where your troubles *really* melt like lemon drops! This could be none other than lovely Lake O'Hara, near whose enchanted marge the white spires of Tepee Town will greet hikers on their 23rd annual trek to the skyline. It's the camp we've all been waiting for—the hub of skyline trails that have no parallel in the Canadian Rockies.

Ten long years have passed since Skyliners last planted their alpenstocks in the vicinity of this exquisite lake which has inspired artists, authors, poets and song writers to capture its charms on canvas, in melody, in prose and in poetry.

Since then, hikers have dreamed of directing their hob-nailed boots to those faraway places with sweet sounding names that dot the trail hike map in a glamorous region southwest of Lake Louise. They have dreamed of such neighboring beauty spots as Lake Oesa, Odaray Plateau, Opabin Pass, Lake McArthur—of viewing with their own eyes the splendor of Wenkemna Glacier and towering Mount Hungabee.

Some of the more fortunate, of course, have not been content with dreaming. Determined to see for themselves how much of the Lake O'Hara story was fact and how much fiction, they have hiked to the lake's very marge and viewed its glories at first hand! Result: More adjectives added to the O'Hara thesaurus.

You too may be planning to do a little investigating on your own. And if you plan to accomplish this pleasant task in company of the Skyline Trail Hikers, a few reminders might not be amiss. So here they are.

As usual, we'll begin with the dates—as if any hiker didn't know them already. This year the five-day camp will be held from Saturday, July 30th through Wednesday, August 3rd, inclusive.

The Skyline Trail

*Official Publication of the Skyline Trail
Hikers of the Canadian Rockies.*

The editor invites all members to contribute any news items or photographs they consider might be of interest to Trail Hikers in general. Any such material that cannot be used promptly will be kept on file for future issues or returned.

Address all communications to

GRAHAM NICHOLS
Secretary-Treasurer and Editor,
Skyline Trail Hikers,
Room 294, Windsor Station,
Montreal, Que.

And never has a long week-end been proclaimed (by us) for a more worthy cause!

We've already sung the praises of Lake O'Hara. But getting there is also important. The lake is reached by an ascending woodland trail of some eight miles from Hector station, just west of Lake Louise on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Hikers will assemble at Banff from which point they will be transported by glass-topped bus westward along the trans-Canada highway to our trailhead. Here we take leave of the buses, adjust our rucksacks, take a deep breath and let our hob-nailed boots take it from there. The hike from Hector to O'Hara will constitute the first day's workout on the trails and whet the appetite for that first sumptuous camp supper.

If you happen to be at Lake Louise on the big day, don't worry about being left behind. Just tell us about it at registration and steps will be taken to have you picked up and transported to the trailhead. Here you'll join up with the main contingent from Banff and the united forces will set out as a single group.

For newcomers, a few words on the registration process should prove helpful. Every hiker is requested to visit the registration office at least one day before the hike gets underway. The office, located on the second floor of the Brewster Industries Building, will open on the morning of Thursday, July 28th.

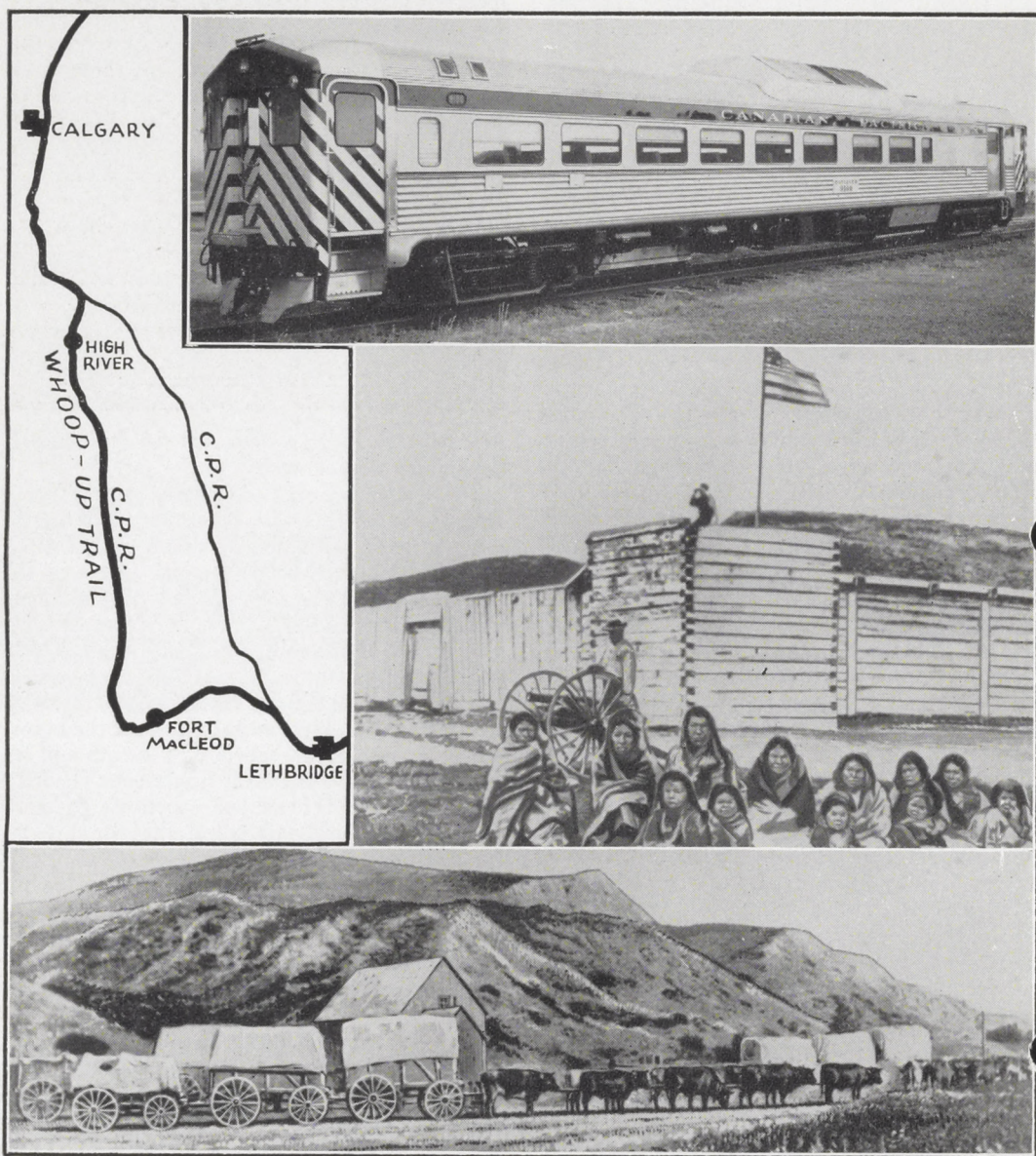
The office is easily accessible, approached from the Bear Street entrance just across the street from the Crag and Canyon newspaper building.

(Continued on page 5)

Those Big Dates

Saturday, July 30th through Wednesday, August 3rd

Dayliner Retraces "Whoop-up Trail"



The pages of Alberta history turn with the wheels of the Canadian Pacific Railway's gleaming new self-propelled "Dayliner" on its 140-mile run between Lethbridge and Calgary, via Fort Macleod. The stainless steel streamliner actually retraces, in part, the historic "Whoop-Up Trail" over which once travelled the legendary bull trains, mule trains, the infamous whiskey traders, and later the horse-drawn stage coach and Alberta's early settlers.

The trail, which had its southern anchor at Fort Benton, Montana, ran 210 miles northward to notorious Fort Whoop-Up, built in 1869 at the junction of the St. Mary and the Oldman Rivers. With the coming of the North-West Mounted Police in 1874, the trail was extended to Fort Macleod and later north to Fort Calgary. Between Lethbridge and Fort Macleod, the old trail touched at several points now served by the new Dayliners, while beyond Fort Macleod the trail ran a course just west of the railway line.

Picture at upper right shows the smart new diesel-powered Dayliner which replaces steam power on the route, and below it an old photo of Fort Whoop-Up where the early Montana traders swapped whiskey with the Indians for buffalo hides. The old muzzle-loading cannon subsequently was moved to Galt Park in Lethbridge. Below is seen a typical bull train of the type that travelled the Whoop-Up trail for 20 years.

HIKE DREAMS COME TRUE

(Continued from page 3)

Registration, we might add, is a pleasant duty. Upon entering the office you'll receive a friendly handshake from the registrar on duty and, likely as not, meet up with a few of your trail companions-to-be! Here too you'll be briefed on any last-minute arrangements having to do with the trip.

Also available for the asking are illustrated trail hike map folders, copies of the magazine, personal identification tags or buttons, passenger lists, tags for your duffle, and all for free. You will also have the opportunity of purchasing an official trail hike button or stitched felt crest bearing the hikers' emblem, at the cost of \$3.50 each.

You will also be reminded as to the disposition of your duffle. This should be deposited on the verandah of the Mount Royal Hotel or with the porter at Banff Springs Hotel not later than 4.00 p.m. on the afternoon of July 29th. This will enable the outfitter to have your belongings shipped to camp (it goes by truck and pack train) well in advance of your arrival in Tepee Town.

Registration time is a good time to synchronize your watches—just so you'll be sure to catch those all-important buses next morning. These will be lined up outside the Mount Royal Hotel at 8.00 a.m., and loading operations will get started about half an hour later. Those registered at Banff Springs Hotel will be picked up and driven directly to the bus rendez-vous.

If you're a newcomer, you'll feel pretty much at home after your first visit to the registration office. But after the pre-hike get-together you'll feel completely at home! And that's just what the occasion is for—to help newcomers to get

She's a Globe-Trotting Hiker

Julie Hrapko, of Calgary (TH'54) is apparently getting her share of globe-trotting these days. According to an item in the March issue of "Trailblazer", published by the Canadian Youth Hostel, Miss Hrapko was guest of honor at a going-away party at the home of Ron Smylie.

Continues the report: "She is leaving for New Zealand at the end of the month (March) after a flying trip to Hawaii. After wintering in these southern climes, Julie plans to visit Australia, South Africa and finally Europe." She hopes to arrive home, according to the report, in about two years.

acquainted under the most pleasant and informal conditions. The get-together, at which slides and films of previous hikes are shown, will take place in Masonic Hall on the evening of July 29th.

Another question frequently asked is this: "At what time can we expect to be back in Banff on the day the hike concludes?" Though the time must of necessity vary according to our campsite, weather conditions, etc., we can generally count on being back in town by 5.00 p.m., and sometimes a bit earlier.

If you find yourself at all confused, don't hesitate to make enquiries at the desk of any of Banff's downtown hotels, the Brewster Transport Company, Rocky Mountain Tours, or Canadian Pacific Telegraph office. You will also find big placard notices in the windows of several larger stores on Banff Avenue.

So until that grand and glorious morn of Saturday, July 30th, it's au revoir, Skyliners, and happy hiking!

There's more to a trail hike than trail hiking. This is graphically illustrated by photo at right. The hike itinerary is generally endowed with a liberal assortment of lakes and streams where trout are eager to accept the angler's challenge.

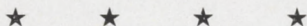
Small wonder, then, many a hiker would just as soon leave behind his boots and cornplasters as his rod and reel, flies and creel. It's nice, too, for the non-Waltonians in our midst, who frequently find freshly caught trout on the camp bill-of-fare.



BANFF STREETS NAMED IN THEIR HONOR!

Our Friendly Woodland Neighbors

by DAN McCOWAN



IT WAS singularly appropriate that the streets in the town of Banff in the Canadian Rockies should have been named for animals native to the region. Summer visitors are charmed with a cottage or a cabin on Grizzly, on Moose or, in lesser degree perhaps, on Squirrel street. They are amused in knowing that Muskrat, Otter and Beaver streets afford easy access to Bow river. The popular resort town is expanding rapidly, so rapidly that before long one is hopeful of seeing a Porcupine Plaza, a Chipmunk Crescent or a Badger Boulevard added to the list of streets.

This old established national park in which Banff is so fortunately situated has an extremely large and varied animal population. In fact, it would not have been amiss had one of the neighboring mountains borne the name Ararat. For the benefit of our Skyline Trail Hikers here are a few random notes on some of the denizens of the woods and mountains of the region.

Pride of place should by right be given to the black bear, prime favourite with visitors both young and old. Comedian of the wilderness, this shaggy animal has become a confirmed camp follower possessed of an abnormal capacity for sweet stuffs. All bears of this species are not black in color; some are clad in a coat of cinnamon brown. They are all highly emotional and shed copious tears when vexed.

Paws not on menu!

Stories of the creatures subsisting throughout the winter by habitually sucking their paws are without foundation. In a recent magazine article on the black bear I was amused by the writer's statement that one paw nourishes a bear for one month and that the duration of hibernation is governed by the number of paws, as one might say, in stock. As a matter of fact the black bear does not actually hibernate but sleeps intermittently, as does the squirrel through the winter season. One-berry-bearing shrub, two constellations and some 417 creeks have been named for this species of animal!

Prominent in the open woods between Banff and Lake Louise are the wapiti or elk, most handsome of the deer of North America. Adult males, meek and humble in spring and summer, are somewhat arrogant in late autumn and early winter. When frost has turned the foliage of the poplars from green to gold and the hill tops are dusted with fresh snow the lusty lords of the

wapiti herds, and their rivals, go "on the air".

Popularly believed to bugle loudly through the forest glades, the actual performance is somewhat disappointing. Musically the broadcast solo of a bull elk is a bit off key; in fact it might be compared to the swan song of a stuck pig or to the creaking of an iron gate swinging on rusty hinges.

Venison from this deer is palatable but its food value is hardly equal to succulent beef steak. The antlers, cast annually, are in demand for curio store cribbage boards. The canine teeth of males of the breed furnish watch fob emblems to members of a well-known fraternal brotherhood. The pelt tans nicely and makes good lea-

(Continued on page 21)



Those elk antlers are here again! This time the bleached horns serve as handy foot-rest for coffee break. Mountains in background overlooked camp at headwaters of Spray River.

And Memorable Miles They Were!

★ ★ ★

by EVELYN BOYD



BY THIS time our Spray River trail hike is only a memory. It is, however, a happy one. If there was one quality in which the 1954 hike surpassed any other I have attended it was that of *happiness*! The majority of the hikers were newcomers to our ranks but they adapted themselves speedily. Since no one who works with the hike gets paid, it is up to everyone to work—and everyone did.

At our Friday night meeting in the Masonic Hall we got acquainted. Bob Roberts of the National Parks staff showed us the film 'The Three Bears', Bill Round's lovely account of the 1952 trail ride, and a mountain climbing feature. A number of hikers showed slides of previous hikes. Mr. Holmes, who could not attend the camp, gave an inspirational talk advising us to forget our past with its worries and absorb the peace of the mountains.

On Saturday morning we bounced up the Calgary Power Company's road to the Spray Lakes. We bounced four miles farther in trucks to Bryant Creek. We thought at the time that the bridge, which we crossed on foot, over Turbulent Creek, was bad. We found later that all things are relative.

We had lunch early—a splendid innovation—at the trailhead, then took off up the Spray. After about three miles we crossed the river, all but

one of us, on *horseback*! By five o'clock most hikers had reached camp.

At campfire that night the hikers were asked to introduce themselves, and tell what they had been doing the previous Saturday night. Apparently no one had 'taken a bath' and a great many could not remember.

The next morning everyone (to the obvious delight of millions of mosquitoes) was out on the trails. A small group went up Mt. Warre, a larger group went to Palliser Pass (Pulitzer Prize), while the remainder went to Leman Lake. All these trips involved crossing streams. The bridge-building efforts of Drs. Somerville, Foster, and Patsy Stewart were highly commendable. Eventually we caught up to Buddy Brewster, our ace bridge builder. Will someone tell Bud that a good bridge stays *above* the water!

On Sunday night Sandy Somerville gave us a blood-curdling account of the history of the "Lemon" mine. It sounded for a time as if the hike might become a prospector's camp.

By Monday the blisters were taking their toll and a number of people stayed in camp—and sawed wood. While the council meeting and a thunder storm were in progress, Cy Porter did a fine job at the campfire. Lou reported finding Blackjack's (or somebody's) grave near the pass.

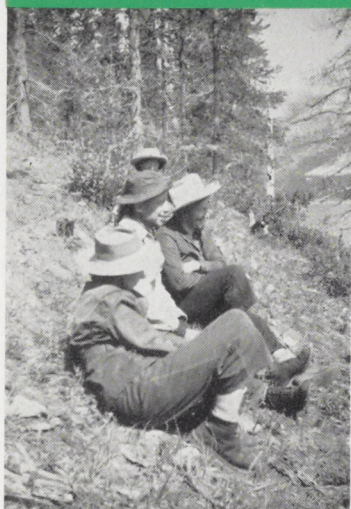
The tall tales of Fred Schneider, Jack Hulbert, Cy Porter, and Henry Chanter completed the

(Continued on page 8)

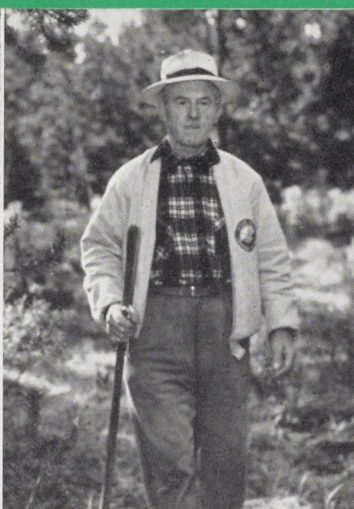


Just what they're looking at to produce those miles of smiles is anybody's guess. But that's what happens when Skyliners pack up their troubles, etc., etc., as the old song goes. And with all those trees in the background, we'll wager they're not far from camp.

CAMERA CLOSE-UPS IN CAMP AND ON THE TRAIL



Mellow August sunshine is appreciated by hiker foursome basking in its warmth. They are also awaiting arrival of homeward-bound buses. In group, left to right: Gwen, Conrad Brown, Frances Ferguson, and Dora Kirk.



Every inch a president—That's Henry Chanter, of Nelson, B.C., tireless leader of the high climbing groups. In addition to his prowess and stamina on the trails, Henry proved himself an entertainer of no mean repute.



Advance showing of Easter styles. Patsy Stewart tries on chapeau of style highly recommended by Jerry Siegfried of Wichita, Kansas. Chances are the style will be sported on a wider scale at this year's camp.

MEMORABLE MILES

(Continued from page 7)

evening. A wonderful medal was presented to Graham for 'work beyond the call of duty'.

By Tuesday noon the weather seemed to be after us, though few on the trails came in because of it. Those on White Man Pass did not even get wet. Stunt night was as hilarious as possible.

At 4 a.m. Wednesday we woke up with hail bouncing down the smoke vents of our teepees. True to her word Dora Kirk woke camp with her accordian—at 6.25 a.m. Since nothing was to be gained by staying in camp the homeward trek began at 8.30. By noon everyone was at the trail-head where once again we had lunch. Some walked, some trucked to the dam. As by this time the sun was out, we draped ourselves on the hillside to dry out.

To our great joy the buses, called for 3.30 p.m., arrived half an hour early. For the next hour we worked out any previously neglected muscles. Both bus loads sang their way into Banff. The duffle arrived promptly, and another hike was over. When one quiet hiker (there were a couple) was asked if he had had a good time his reply was "Who didn't?"

● For added comfort at night—particularly if you're a light sleeper—we suggest you bring along an inflating mattress or, better still, a safari bed.

Pictorial Maps Included On Give-Away Program

Something new has been added to the give-away program this year—something that should prove valuable not only to newcomers in our ranks but to those who have responded to our roll-call in the past. And if you've ever been lost in the region of Lake O'Hara you may now see at a glance where you made the wrong turn-off.

The "something new" referred to is an exceptionally fine map, designed by Banff's Chief Warden, Herb Ashley, which depicts not only the mountains and other topographical features in an effective pictorial style, but also the trails and our campsite, complete to the last tepee!

Unlike the conventional map which shows mountains in contour lines or blobs of darker color, the Ashley version presents them roughly as they meet the eye from different points along the trail. This will enable the hiker to identify the mountain immediately—a fact that has not been too easy at all times in the past.

Mileage figures are also given for certain sections of the trail—another major contribution for those who like their mountains served up with a side order of statistics! Also featured on the map are humorous sketches of wild life native to the area. Each map is surmounted by an enlarged reproduction of the Skyline Hikers' emblem.

Skyliners Air Their Views At 22nd Annual Meeting

★ ★ ★

THE PRESIDENT'S Tepee took the form of a council chamber on August 2nd when hike-attired members of the executive and council gathered for their 22nd annual meeting and election of officers.

As raindrops pattered on the canvas walls and thunder rumbled and tumbled up and down the broad valley of the Upper Spray, the eight-member group heard the secretary-treasurer read the minutes of the previous year's meeting and present the financial statement.

It was moved by Dr. A. Somerville that the reading of the minutes be adopted, and seconded by Lou Shulman. A motion that the financial statement be adopted was made by Miss Jerry Siegfried and seconded by Miss Evelyn Boyd.

A suggestion that the hike be extended to cover a six-day period rather than the current five-day plan was quashed by the majority with the recommendation that the matter be brought up for discussion again at next year's camp.

Debate on the suggestion that Lake O'Hara be adopted as our base campsite for '55 was short and sweet. Advantages of the area were expounded with enthusiasm and when a vote was called for, hands went up in unison. As a result, we were able to publicize the Lake O'Hara campsite at a much earlier date than in previous years when alternative campsites were up for consideration.

It was suggested that an inventory be made of our equipment with a view to alleviating any possible shortage of tepees. The council also called for a marked improvement in the camp's garbage disposal system as well as toilet facilities. The outfitter has given assurance that these matters will be dealt with effectively at this year's camp.

Votes of thanks were rendered to Miss Evelyn Boyd, camp mistress of ceremonies, the outfitter, cook and staffs, as well as to the Canadian Pacific Railway. The meeting ended with the election of officers.

Those attending were as follows: Miss Evelyn Boyd, F. H. W. Chanter, Miss Frances Ferguson, Miss Margaret McCowan, Graham Nichols, L. W. Shulman, Miss Jerry Siegfried, Dr. A. Somerville.

Members, Please Note!

All those who have not paid their annual dues for 1954 are requested to do so by July 31. Checks should be made payable to the Secretary-Treasurer, Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies, Room 294, Windsor Station, Montreal, Que.



Supper time around camp finds informal chitchat in full swing. Mrs. W. M. Foster and daughter Janet are seen at left, the secretary-treasurer, centre, outfitter Bud Brewster with back to camera, Julie Hrapko and Arlene Maximchuk. Supper over, hikers will soon be gravitating to the "Doughnut" for nightly singsong.



No reflection on hikers—or is it? Members pretty up after day's hike in readiness for camp supper. Below mirrors, suspended between long poles, are metal basins containing hot water toted from nearby stove. Only thing missing are plugs for electric shavers.



Cook takes dim view of hikers stepping over cook-tent portals. And the same goes apparently for guides as well. Here guide Jim Brewster cowers in the shadow of an uplifted rolling pin grasped menacingly by cookhouse staffer. The moral is: Wait till chow is served—don't go after it.

On the Trails of '54

AINSLIE, Alice.....Calgary, Alta.
 BAXTER, R. B.....Calgary, Alta.
 BOULD, Kay.....Regina, Sask.
 BOYD, Evelyn.....Shelburne, Ont.
 BROWN, C. Conrad.....New York, N.Y.
 BOURRICAUD, Yvonne.....Paris, France
 CATT, Mrs. N. Orme.....Edmonton, Alta.
 CHANTER, F. H. W.....Nelson, B.C.
 CLEVELAND, Bill.....Des Moines, Iowa.
 CLEVELAND, Jack P.....Des Moines, Iowa
 CLEVELAND, Mrs. Jack P.....Des Moines, Iowa
 DAVISON, Anne.....Edmonton, Alta.
 DICKEN, Lila.....Naramata, B.C.
 DOUGHTON, Daphne.....Red Deer, Alta.
 FERGUSON, Frances.....Calgary, Alta.
 FOSTER, Georgiana.....Detroit, Mich.
 FOSTER, Janet.....Detroit, Mich.
 FOSTER, Dr. W. M.....Detroit, Mich.
 FOSTER, Mrs. W. M.....Detroit, Mich.
 GABRIEL, Robt. L.....Cedarhurst, L.I.
 GALE, Henry L.....Vancouver, B.C.
 GALE, Mrs. Mildred A.....Vancouver, B.C.
 GALE, Joanne M.....Vancouver, B.C.
 HRAPKO, Julie.....Calgary, Alta.
 HULBERT, Jeff.....Bellwood, Ill.
 HULBERT, John J.....Bellwood, Ill.

HULBERT, Mrs. John J.....Bellwood, Ill.
 HUTCHINGS, Margaret....Brandon, Man.
 JAMIESON, Betty.....Red Deer, Alta.
 KALINA, John E.....Montreal, Que.
 KIRK, Mrs. Dora.....Calgary, Alta.
 LAWRASON, Dr. D.M. Medicine Hat, Alta.
 LAWRASON, Mrs. D.M. Medicine Hat, Alta.
 MAXIMCHUK, Arlene J....Montreal, Que.
 MILLS, Robert L.....Vancouver, B.C.
 MYREK, Laudie.....Saltcoats, Sask.
 McCOWAN, Marg.....Brandon, Man.
 McCRIMMON, Marie.....Calgary Alta.
 MacKERRELL, Jean.....Calgary, Alta.
 NICHOLS, Graham.....Montreal, Que.
 PARKER, Lydia B.....Saskatoon, Sask.
 POLET, Mrs. Maurice.....Edmonton, Alta.
 PORTER, Cy R.....Victoria, B.C.
 PORTER, Mrs. Pat.....Victoria, B.C.
 SCHNEIDER, Fred.....College Point N.Y.
 SHULMAN, Lou W.....Calgary, Alta.
 SIEGFRIED, Jerry.....Wichita, Kans.
 SOMERVILLE, Dr. A.....Edmonton, Alta.
 STEWART, Patsy.....Red Deer, Alta.
 THURSTON, T. M.....Calgary, Alta.
 TURBAYNE, Lois.....Calgary, Alta.
 VAIR, Robert A.....Calgary, Alta.



President Chanter enjoys a respite after a day on the trails. It also looks as if Henry has been doing a bit of spade work with that long-handed shovel. Or maybe cameraman Johnny Kalina placed it in his hands to pinch-hit for an alpenstock. At any rate, we think it's a good likeness of our retiring president.

Trail Riders Aiming High!

While we're busying ourselves with preparations for that camp of camps at Lake O'Hara, there's plenty of activity right now in the camp of our sister association, the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies.

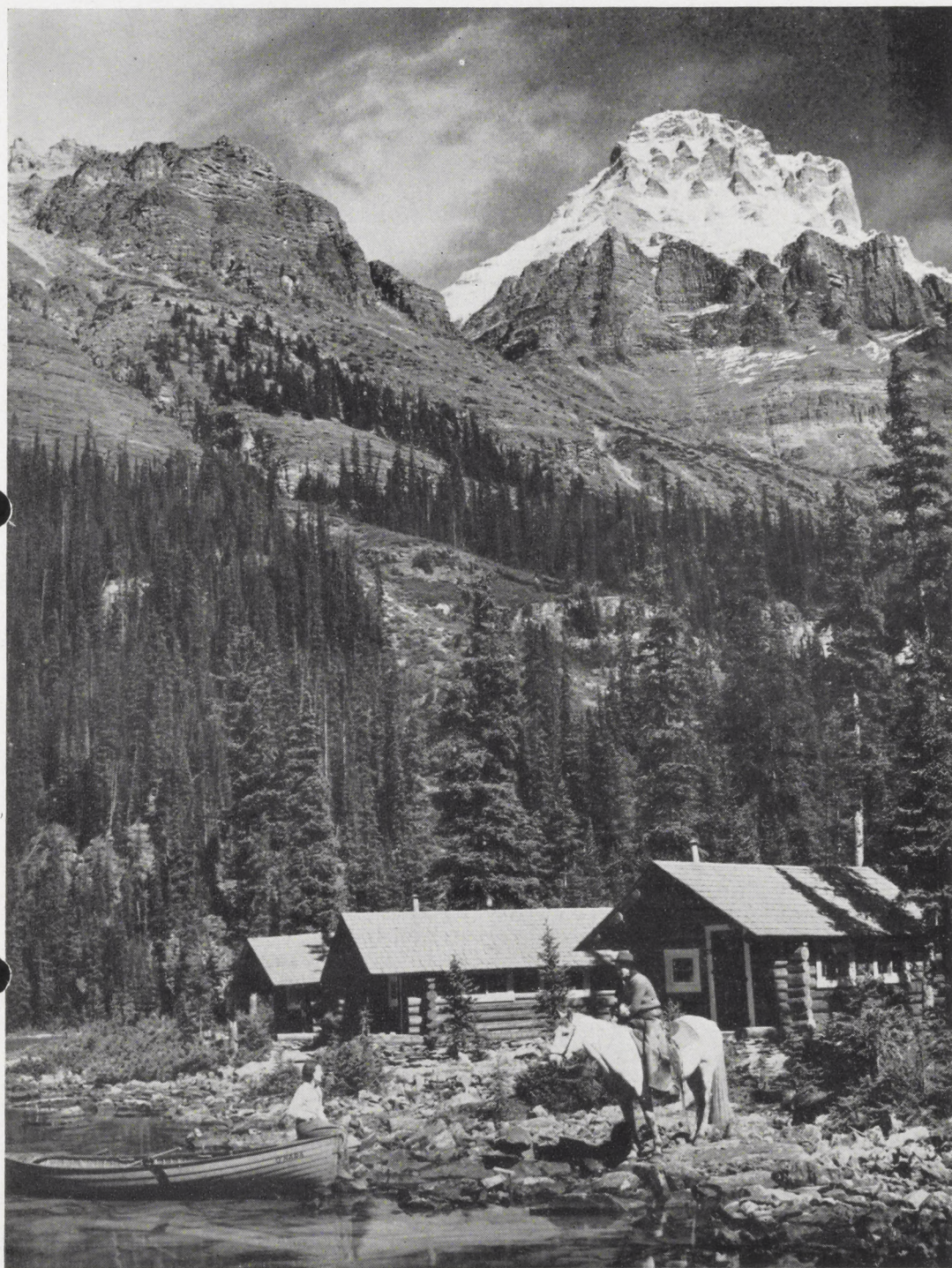
And just in case—as sometimes happens—some hiker may wish to take a trail ride as a prelude to the annual walk-a-thon, we'll present herewith a brief resume of what the saddleites have lined up for the coming season.

As in previous years, it's a double bill for the mounted contingent. Two rides, one of five days and the other of six days duration, will be conducted this summer by the Trail Riders, the first scheduled for Friday, July 15th through Tuesday, July 19th, and second from Friday, July 22nd through Wednesday, July 27th, all dates inclusive.

And whereas the hikers will proceed in a south-westerly direction, the riders will set their sights in the direction of Johnson Creek in the far country "behind" Mount Eisenhower. Members will be transported by bus from Banff to Hillsdale Meadow, a short distance west of Banff on the Trans-Canada Highway.

Highlights of the trail ride itinerary will

(Continued on page 20)

CABINS ON MARGE OF LOVELY LAKE O'HARA*Canadian Pacific Photo*

Here it is, Hikers!—The marge of lovely Lake O'Hara, the campsite we've all been waiting for. It is here that Skyliners will plant their alpenstocks on their annual skyline sortie this summer. The lake is reached by an eight-mile trail from Hector station just west of Lake Louise on the C.P.R. line. Tepee Town will be erected a short distance from the chalets of Lake O'Hara Lodge shown in scene above.

On a "Skye-Line" Hike

by ELSIE LLOYD & JOAN ALDERSON

*A far croonin' is pulling me away,
As I take I wi' my cromak to the road.
The far Coolins are puttin' love on me
As I step wi' the sunlight for my load.
Tummel and Loch Rannock and Lochaber I will go
By heather tracks wi' heaven in their wiles.
If it's thinkin' in your inner heart braggart's in my step
You've never smelt the tangle o' the Isles.*

★ ★ ★ ★

This fine tramping song was singing in our hearts as we followed the road to the Isles and crossed the Kyle of Lochalsh to Skye, bringing a day-dream at last to life. A mere 10 minutes by ferry and we entered a different world. The tempo of the islanders was leisurely, though they worked till dusk on peat-cutting after a normal day's work. The crofters took a kindly interest in visitors and insisted on giving us any milk we needed from their meagre supply, as well as other produce from their tiny strips of land, or crofts.

The Coolin Mountains, of insignificant height by Rocky Mountain standards, dominate Skye

and their steep and serrated ridges afford mountaineering of high quality. No walkers' stroll this, but real tough going, and if, like us, you are not climbers, it is often up and down the same way for you!

We stayed at Glenbrittle which lies by the sea at the foot of the Coolins. The glen and coast were ablaze with flowers—bluebells, broom, yellow iris, thrift, primroses and violets. This hamlet consists of a youth hostel, the 'big house' (farm-guest house), Cuillin Cottage, where the Mountaineering Association base their training courses, Mrs. Lorimer's white cottage by the sandy beach, and one or two other cottages. The post office—handed down through one family for generations—lies beyond the end of the road, over a swing bridge across the stream and some 400 yards beyond.

All this way postman and inhabitants alike trek with their letters and parcels to a P. O. which was sited ages back to serve a community whose existence on that side of the stream is only marked by ruined homesteads and tumble-down walls. The post-mistress's husband spent the season taking boatloads of visitors to and from Loch Coruisk, with an occasional day trip to Mallaig on the mainland four hours' sail away.

Mrs. Lorimer, with whom we stayed, was a retired schoolteacher who had given up her home near Edinburgh to look after two aged aunts. She treated us with real Highland hospitality and was a lovely character. In addition to performing the housework and cooking—her lemon meringue pies reminded us of Canada—she ran a Sunday school class, kept a trim little flower garden, a large and productive vegetable plot and ducks and hens. When the cattle grazed near her cottage Rusty, the golden retriever, was

←←

Though not lofty by Canadian Rockies standards, the Coolin Mountains dominate the Isle of Skye and their steep ridges offer ideal opportunities for alpine climbers. Photo at left shows a natural bathing pool—complete with shower—which the authors discovered in a Coolin burn. Note high ridge against distant skyline.





Elsie Lloyd, co-author of accompanying article, views the misty ridges of the Coolins while ascending Sgurr na Banadich. This was the only summit attained by the two on the main Coolin ridge. From this vantage point they enjoyed an awesome view of Loch Coruisk, 3000 feet below.

supposed to chase them off. However, one morning we heard her calling: "Rusty, Rusty, hi, hi, hi! Bow-wow, bow-wow!" Fine thing to keep a dog and do the barking yourself!

The weather was brilliant and almost too hot for strenuous exercise so we went by boat to Loch Coruisk, which is encircled by the Coolins on all but its seaward side. This loch could be gloomy and terrifying in bad weather, but on this occasion smiled benignly at its visitors, and the coloring of sea, loch and mountains was unbelievably rich—chocolate rocks and water merging from deep blue to purple, reminding us of the colors of Lake Louise.

Sgurr na Banadich was the only summit we achieved on the main ridge and we looked down the precipitous slopes to Loch Coruisk, 3,000 feet below. Mist from Glenbrittle rose skyward as it reached us, leaving the other side of the mountains quite clear.

The alternative descent for walkers involved scree-running down some evil-looking slopes, so we retraced our steps and were rewarded by a

dip in a heavenly rock pool in the burn with natural shower provided. These pools occur frequently and each has its own beauty. One we named 'Dipper pool' as a pair of dippers (water-ousels) had built their nest at the edge of the waterfall and a young bird was hopping amongst the ferns before finding its wings.

Explored highest peak

Another day we explored Corrie Lagan and clambered up to the start of the Great Stone Shoot—a practicable route up Sgurr Alasdair, the highest peak. The echoes of great boulders clanking together as another party toiled upwards were awesome, and we returned amid gathering mists and rain.

The six days spent in Glenbrittle gave little time even to explore the scrambles within easy reach, much less to exhaust the possibilities of the area. In fact, now we've 'smelt the tangle o' the Isles' we shall have to return.

All you hikers and climbers across the Atlantic will find a warm welcome in Skye and skylines worth reaching.

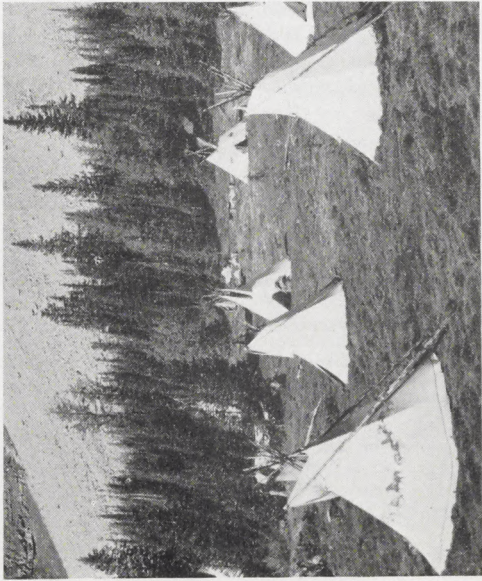


Not exactly the type of landscape you generally associate with the British Isles, the rugged Coolin Mountains on the Isle of Skye offer a "new look" in hiking and mountaineering. Elsie Lloyd and Joan Alderson, both members of the Skyline Trail Hikers, paint their glories in glowing colors. At base of mountain is Loch Coruisk, whose pastel shades reminded the writers of Lake Louise.





Skyline Trail Hikers and staff line up at 1954 camp on Upper Spray.



Home sweet home for hikers!



Fun for all at campfire sing-song—and we do sing at times.

CANADA'S MOUNTAIN HERITAGE

by E. P. HOLMES

— This is the second of a two-part article dealing with our "mountain heritage" in the Banff-Lake Louise region of the Canadian Rockies, by E. P. Holmes, of Calgary, Alta., one of our most enthusiastic champions and a past president of the Association. The writer gives a colorful account of a cycling trip starting at the Great Divide.

★ ★ ★ ★

THE SECOND memorable trip was made early in October. Rather than brimming with new life, all Nature seemed to have retired preparatory to its long winter slumber.

Leaving Calgary on the midnight train, my bicycle safely stowed in the baggage car, I arrived in Lake Louise in the wee small hours of a dark morning, with a snowstorm blowing hard from the northwest.

I found a room at the one and only inn near the station (the Chateau having closed for the season the previous month) and crawled into bed. The following morning the weather still looked ominous and a light snow was falling.

Weather or not, however, I was determined to get in my quota of cycling. Leaving the hotel at about 11.00 a.m., I cycled eastward for a short distance, then continued for a mile up the Jasper Highway. I stopped at what appeared a likely spot, climbed a steep bluff and photographed an enchanting view of the Lake Louise mountain group.

At times the sun shone brilliantly, while the next instant the driving snow and clouds would obliterate the scene. It was truly a majestic sight—this first-hand view of the elemental forces in action!

The sun broke through in earnest shortly after noon. By this time I was back at the hotel, had lunched, and was ready to take to the road again. With every indication of continued good weather I cycled in the direction of Lake Louise via the three mile hill.

Though the lower part of the road was damp, there was very little mud to contend with until I reached the junction with the branch road to the lake. The sun disappeared again and snow, mingled with cold driving rain, made the already watery trail a good deal worse.

The road from the junction to the Great Divide is all downgrade, and down the road I proceeded. After rounding the north side of Mount St. Piran, one of the Lake Louise group, the weather became worse, the rain colder and the wind stronger. I looked back up the watery road and decided to face the storm on a downgrade rather than retrace my way to Lake Louise station.

As I neared the Divide, the winds increased to gale proportions while clouds descended close to

tree-top level. The road debouches to the pass proper along a very steep grade. And to make matters worse, the road from here on was covered with two to three inches of wet snow. The wind was blowing so violently up the pass that I could not coast in spite of the sharp downgrade. My bicycle had to be propelled!

As for the mountains, there were none to be seen. The clouds filled the whole valley of the pass and I experienced the sensation of riding into a tunnel! The snow too had become heavier and as I rounded Wapta Lake the going became treacherous, the snow being just wet enough to cause the bicycle to slip sideways. Had I not been over the road before I would surely have hesitated to tackle it. It was shortly after leaving Wapta Lake, on a high grade, that I nearly came to grief, the bicycle slithering precariously off the road.

Visibility was poorest

Visibility was of the poorest—scarcely 100 feet in any direction. It was like being lost or shut in—in a world of cloud. Far below the road, the river could be heard but not seen.

The highway here crosses two bridges—one spanning the river itself, while high above water level the other spans a gully running from Cathedral to the river. From the latter, on a clear day, one can enjoy a magnificent view of the Yoho Valley, with its gleaming glacier at the northern end.

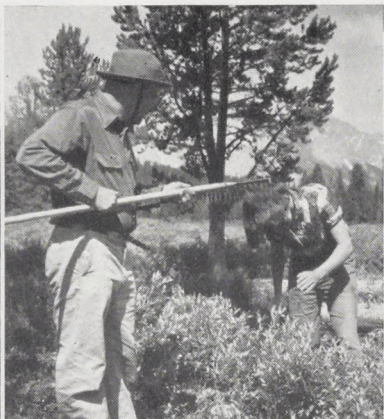
As the writer was standing on that bridge—cold, wet, and listening to the song of the river far below—the clouds opened as though some invisible hand had drawn away a curtain. The opening was circular and some 50 feet in diameter. Through it could be seen the entire sweep of the Yoho Valley, bathed in the brightest of sunshine. This miracle I enjoyed while surrounded by seeming night! The sight was ample reward for all my previous hardships.

Cloud closed in shortly afterward, and I completed my trip, through mud and water, into Field where I changed into dry clothes.

The picture of that storm raging in the Louise mountain group that morning, and the view of the sun-bathed Yoho Valley through the "cloud window" are now indelibly etched in my memory.



Patsy Stewart looks with admiration on a familiar reptile picked up by the trailside. Fortunately Patsy had a good grip on the critter, with the result that what might have happened, didn't.



Occasionally hikers lose their pocket combs, but there's always someone around to assist in the case of such emergencies. Lady in distress above is rescued by Robert Gabriel.



High standard of camp bill-of-fare was due largely to efforts of such experts as Bobbie Campbell, wife of guide Gerry Campbell, who attended both rides and hike.



Photo time inscri the t John



Where do we hike from here? That seems to be the question of the moment as hikers pore over map to determine which way the trails run. Hikers usually divide into three groups, each taking a different route. At extreme right is Georgiana Foster.



"Jeannine, I dream of Suppertime"—So runs a familiar tra years. Above hikers, however, are not interested in dream victuals while they're hot. Logs and stumps are standard eye on things is Lou Shulman, third from right, a past



Puzzle: Find the photographer. Believe it or not, it's Johnny Kalina, seated at right! Johnny set up his camera, clicked the shutter, then raced back to join tepee mates to be included in picture. It's quite simple when you know how, says Johnny modestly. Companions are Conrad Brown, left, and Graham Nichols.



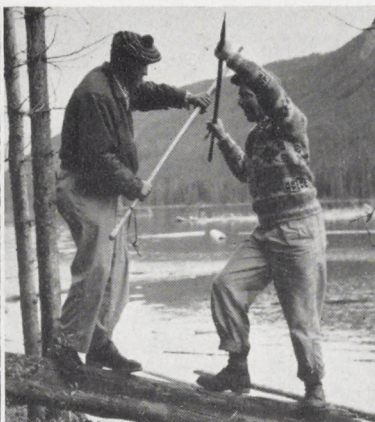
Though t'he buzz is somewhat similar to that heard in Tepee Town when camp is asleep, our two camp assistants had better be wide awake when this tree takes a bow. Wood is later sawed in required lengths for cook-stove and tepee fires.



Wait to an home Resu



Photographer Johnny Kalina takes time out from his camerawork to inscribe some mysterious symbol on the trunk of a large evergreen. It was Johnny's first season with the Skyliners.



Just as easy as falling off a log—at least that's how it looks. And chances are good that the comparison may yet be realized unless one of the two contestants hollers "Uncle?"



Here's a girl who first visited the Rockies as a dude with Lib Smith's party of teen-agers from eastern U.S. And that did the trick. Nancy Reeves and Rockies are now inseparable.



familiar trail hike parody, based on a song hit of bygone ed in dreams at the moment. They're making the most of e standard equipment for seating purposes. Keeping an ight, a past president and member of trail committee.



Secretary-treasurer takes names and addresses for Bulletin mailing purposes. Such details are usually handled in the association offices in Banff where's there's sure to be a pencil. At extreme right is Evelyn Boyd, of Shelburne, Ont., camp mistress of ceremonies.



Waiting for the buses on shore of Spray Lakes, Gwen, Conrad Brown and Fran Ferguson look wistful. Due to an early morning rainstorm in camp, we started the homeward trek earlier than originally scheduled. Result: We reached the trailhead in advance.



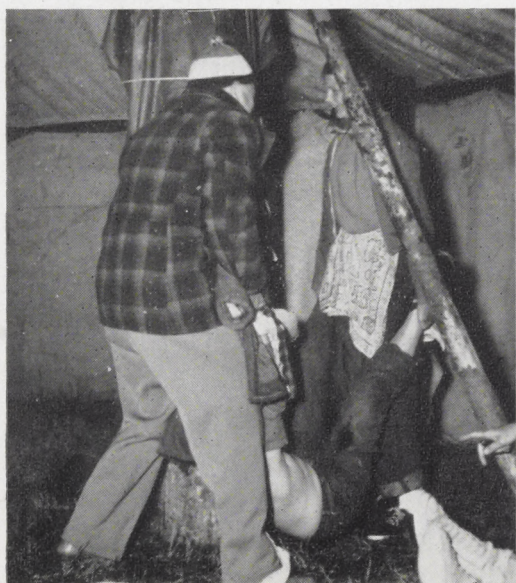
Sleeping bags, safari beds, inflated mattresses—and now this! Just why the hiker should choose this particular setup for a snooze is not immediately known. Fact is, however, sleeper does look amazingly comfortable. Maybe, he has something at that.



No, the girls haven't forgotten their lines. It's all part of the act. Jerry Siegfried, at left, gives the hush-hush signal and others follow suit. Show takes place in big "Doughnut" during last night in camp.



Henry Chanter, retiring president, is not retiring in above scene. It's just part of his act, the first to be billed on hilarious program. Every tepee puts on act of its own.



On Stage With

YES, THE Trail Hike Troupers have done it again! They've written another glorious chapter into the annals of Stunt Nite—the big show that rings down the curtain on the annual five-day camp, and brings down the audience in fits of uncontrolled and uninhibited merriment!

To many of the annual repeaters in our midst, last summer's performance set a new high in the rollicking zany brand of entertainment that goes hand in hand with the high altitudes, the heady alpine ozone, and the carefree mood of the hikers themselves.

Perhaps the surprise element had something to do with it. To see our fellow hikers, whose talents had been hitherto unsuspected, suddenly emerge in the role of such celebrities as George Washington, as a mirth-provoking mimic, and even as a fire warden's tower, was enough to set everyone back on their heels. And that's just what it did.

As usual, the star-studded presentation was given on the shortest of notice. It was only the night before that the president declared to all and sundry that Stunt Nite would be held the following evening, and that all tepees were expected to put on an act.

And it was considerably later the next day that hikers really got down to the business of dreaming up a skit for the glory of their tepee! Ideas were developed, script jotted down, and costumes and props miraculously developed from such unorthodox objects as ground sheets, blankets, kitchen utensils, packing crates, bath towels, and other material unlike anything ever seen on the Orpheum circuit.

Hikerettes experienced a run on their cosmetics as hastily-organized make-up artists ordered liberal dashes of lipstick, eyebrow pencil and nail polish to glamorize their top stars—male stars as well! The result we shall leave to the reader's imagination.

It was only natural that most acts should have to do with homey and familiar aspects of the camp. Those noonday bologna sandwiches crept as stealthily into the script as they did into our lunch boxes, while Brewster-built bridges, Spray River mosquitoes, smoking tepee fires and spruce bough mattresses also received top billing in the lampoon department.



Dr. Lawrason has tussle with colleague in rollicking scene from *Follies of '54*. Though some acts are rehearsed, many make up script as they go along. The result is joyful confusion.

What's a show without a song? Quintette, ➡➡ right, gives forth with a campfire favorite.

The Skyliners!

The fact that a few hikers forgot their lines—or had never learned them in the first place—the fact that props caved in at the wrong time, that the odd comedy turned into tragedy and well meaning tragedy turned out to be comedy only added to the merriment.

The acts were as varied as they were amusing. A skit by Jack Hulbert based on George Washington's famous hatchet was good for a laugh a line. The audience, however, had plenty of laughter left for the next act which saw President Henry Chanter play the dual role of doctor and patient—and arguing with each other at that.

Dr. W. M. Foster also played a dual role. Though ostensibly part of the dramatis personae, Dr. Foster doubled as a warden's tower in which role he soared to new heights. He was aided and abetted in the act by his daughters, Dr. Lawrason and Patsy Stewart and others.

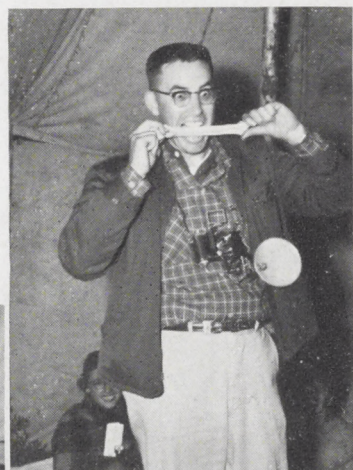
Billed as "The Reluctant Hikers", Hank Gale, Lou Shulman, and Bob Mills presented an Oscar-worthy piece of comedy, while Sandy McVair gave us the best rendition of "Albert and the Lion" we've heard in years. Jerry Siegfried's "Lollipop Trio" was as its title suggested—short and sweet. It was also terrific.

Wish we had space to review all the fine acts! But since we haven't we'll let the accompanying photos do the rest.

Varying expressions are registered by audience as hikers go into their acts. Cameraman, extreme left, decides scene is worth a shot. Emcee Evelyn Boyd, back row, jots down notes. Inset: Jack Hulbert stars in a bit of toothy comedy.



Outfitter Bud Brewster helps fill cocoa cups to keep audience refreshed. Manipulating ladle is Nancy Reeves. Hot chocolate and biscuits are served each evening at conclusion of singsong.



TRAIL RIDERS *(Continued from page 10)*

include the spectacular Pulsatilla Pass and equally spectacular Badger Pass, both of which will take the cavalcade high above the timberline where snow fields survive the summer in the cold, dry atmosphere. The largest patch of blue on the hike map belongs to Luellen Lake—Anglers, take note!

If the idea of a trail ride brings out the Davy Crockett in you, forget about the coonskin bonnet and shootin' iron. Just latch onto a 10-gallon hat (or reasonable facsimile thereof) a pair of blue jeans, a colored shirt, and an application form.

For further particulars please write the Secretary-Treasurer, Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies, Room 294, Windsor Station, Montreal, Que.

● The editor regrets that due to reasons, over which he had no control, it was necessary to forego publication of last Autumn's issue of "Skyline Trail" as originally scheduled.

The reader will note that the current issue concentrates largely on photos dealing with the last camp, as well as a few articles reminiscent of the Spray River hike.

We hope that these will bring back happy memories to last year's contingent and that many will return to taste the still richer scenic fare of Lake O'Hara.

The revised publication schedule calls for an autumn issue, to be released in October, and a winter edition due for distribution in December. A Spring issue will be published next April. An effort will also be made to include an "extra" next year to make up for the missing Fall number.

Anne Fallis Is Elected Chief Executive for '55

Miss Anne Fallis, of Calgary, was elected president of the Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies at the annual meeting in the President's Tepee. A former vice-president and active member of the council for a number of years, Miss Fallis succeeded F.H.W. Chanter, of Nelson, B.C., who last summer led some 65 members on one of the most successful hikes in the association's history.

The motion was made by Miss Evelyn Boyd, seconded by Miss Margaret McCowan, and carried unanimously. The secretary-treasurer was requested to send a letter to Miss Fallis advising her of the new appointment.

The vacancy on the vice-presidential panel resulting from Miss Fallis' promotion was filled by Miss Jerry Siegfried, previously a member of the council and an active supporter of the association. Miss Siegfried's appointment was moved by Dr. A. Somerville, seconded by Lou Shulman, and carried unanimously.

Also elevated to the vice-presidential slate was Franklyn E. Fitch, a previous councillor and a highly popular member of the association. Mr. Fitch's appointment was moved by Miss Siegfried, seconded by Miss McCowan, and carried unanimously.

The following were elected to the Council—Cy R. Porter, Dr. W. M. Foster, Dr. D. M. Lawrason, and Mrs. N. Orme Catt, all of whom have shown more than average interest in the association, and have been present on several previous camps.



Outfitter Bud Brewster gives us data on tomorrow's departure plans.

● You may not see them all on a Trail Hike—but again you may! And, if you do, you'll have a better idea of what to expect after reading accompanying article by naturalist Dan McCowan—himself a member of the Skyline Trail Hikers. The author discusses behavior of numerous wild animals familiar to the Banff-Lake Louise region of the Canadian Rockies. These include the moose, elk, bear, sheep, goat, marmot, porcupine down to the tiny cony.

(Continued from page 6)

ther. Otherwise the animal is useful in filling short gaps in crossword puzzles.

The moose is also largely in evidence in the Canadian Rockies. Related to the now extinct elk of Eire it resembles a horse on stilts and is a confirmed vegetarian. Bulls of the species devote the entire summer to browsing off water plants and to the growing of massive antlers suitable for decorating the gables of summer cottages. In late autumn rival males produce weird sounds similar to those made by a New Brunswick guide mooing through a birch bark megaphone. In the art of taking cover and of avoiding detection the moose is only excelled by the artful dodger, the pack horse. It should not be confused with the "wee timorous cowering beastie" about which Robert Burns wrote with so much pathos.

Rocky Mountains sheep are the chamois of the Canadian Alps. They have no wool and are frequently mistaken for Rocky Mountains goats, which grow wool in abundance. The males have massive curved horns which are used in battering others of their sex and not, as is sometimes alleged, as landing gear. That these sturdy mountaineers leap headlong from lofty crags and escape injury by alighting on their horns is altogether fanciful.

The Stony Indians fashion spoons and ladles from sheep horn and make fine leather garments from the pelt. Unfortunately for the breed the mutton is superior to that of domestic sheep. Otherwise, save for being plagued by amateur photographers and wood ticks, the animals are relatively carefree.

Visitors to the Canadian Rockies seldom see a mountain goat except at a distance which is perhaps a good thing for all concerned. It is difficult to distinguish a white goat from a snow patch. It is said that at Lake Louise the forefingers of resident guides are worn to a stub from pointing out pin point goats on towering cliffs to tourists anxious for sight of these four-footed steeplejacks.

Strange to say, the animal is not a true goat but an antelope. Of this the creature is of course completely ignorant. It chews the cud but eschews tin cans and newspapers as articles of food. The pastern is short—So also is the temper, and a wild goat in a tantrum had best be avoided.

In massive rock-slides at timberline the hoary marmot is much at home. Grand-uncle to the groundhog, it delights in perching on the apex of a limestone boulder and whistling to the passing

wayfarer. Hence the French-Canadian name of "siffleur". Fond of juicy plants and toothsome mushrooms and quenching its thirst with glacial water, this penthouse tenant hibernates for almost two thirds of each year. The only quadruped in Canada furnished with thumb nails, marmots are allergic to sun-dogs, eagles, weasels and avalanches. The fur coat is somewhat shoddy and the flesh, being about equal in food value to that of low-grade gopher, the marmots are thus permitted to go about their business unmolested and to whistle cheerfully to a ripe old age.

If on a trail hike you skirt the fringe of a rock-slide it may be your good fortune to become acquainted with a small animal which looks uncommonly like a guinea pig in a form-fitting fur coat. This permanent resident in the high glens is called pika or cony. Remaining active throughout the entire winter, these animals may possibly prove a source of worry to people who, having contracted ski fever, resort to the Canadian Rockies at that season of the year.

A thoughtless cony strolling across a snowy hillside in February might easily un-nerve a skier in the midst of an otherwise perfect slalom or some such caper. In the hush of a summer evening these winsome little creatures may be heard calling to others of their kind, the sound being clearly audible at a distance of about three feet.

A porcupine ambling through the woods or waddling across a highway should always be given the right-of-way. This animal may not readily be mistaken for a moose although in poor light it does resemble a small bear. It has nobby tread feet both front and rear, is streamlined like an automobile and moves intermittently at the rate of about one mile per hour.

Some years ago, roughly speaking, a man named Shakespeare described this animal as being of fretful disposition. Since then I have heard people in various parts of the Rockies speak of the whole tribe in language quite unpoetical and harsh. Afflicted by ulcers of the stomach and troubled by palpitation of the heart, beset by enemies both furred and feathered and menaced by seasonal threat of forest fire, small wonder that Porky frets and fumes.

In the course of a trail hike it is possible that an inquisitive adult porcupine may invade your tepee in the dead of night. Should this happen, you had better vacate the conical lodge on the double. Notify the nearest guide or forest ranger. These chaps seldom do enjoy a good laugh!

"Best Photo of '53" - Judges' Verdict!



● This spectacular view of trail hikers ascending snowy incline high above Skokiland's pungent timberline, won for Dr. W. M. Foster, of Highland Park, Mich., the top award in the annual Hikephoto Contest of 1953.

The photo, bearing the lilting nom-de-plume "Tommy Ptarmigan", was among several entered by Dr. Foster, who is also responsible for the excellent cover photo on this issue of "Skyline Trail."

Dr. Foster, who was elected to the Council at last year's annual meeting, has been a popular member of the last two hikes, and has shared this popularity with his wife, and two daughters, Janet and Georgiana. The latter are shown in foreground of photo at rear of ascending file.

The scene depicted is typical of the country we hiked year before last when we followed the broad Ptarmigan valley from Temple Lodge to our base campsite at Skoki Lakes. It was described by many as one of our loveliest camps.

Hikers will recognize the energetic hiker leading the high climbing group—Bea de Lacy, of Portland, Ore. Miss de Lacy is also a prominent member of the Alpine Club and frequently joins our ranks after a lengthy period of climbing with that group. She is also a master performer at campfire sing-song.

So to Dr. Foster, we extend our congratulations and, of course, the prize money as well!

Second prize

● This striking reproduction of a pensive hikerette gazing over flawless reflection of snow-covered mountain in alpine lake captured second prize in 1953's Hikephoto Contest for Miss Jean Galbraith, of Lethbridge, Alta.

Appropriately entitled "Reflecting", the photo was submitted to the judges under the beguiling pseudonym of "Jittery Jag"—though there is nothing in photo to suggest the jitters

The photo was selected for its fine composition, choice of subject, technical perfection and the general mood which has been experienced, no doubt, by every hiker at one time or another on the trails.

Miss Galbraith, a vice-president of the Trail Hikers, has been with us on a number of annual hikes. Her enthusiasm and active interest in the association soon won her a place on the council and her elevation to the vice-presidency was only a matter of a few short seasons.



Third prize

● Scenery, sociability and good composition went hand in hand to win third prize in the '53 Hikephoto Contest for Miss Margaret McCowan, of Brandon, Man., a member of the association's council.

Her nom-de-plume, "Skoki Kate", helps identify the setting which lies not far from our Skoki Lakes campsite of that year. Some members, no doubt, will have no difficulty recalling the scene—particularly those in photo enjoying the picnic snack!

Miss McCowan, another enthusiastic member of the association, has obtained a number of "recruits" for our annual skyline sorties in past years.

That Lemon Mine Is Still Lost!

by SANDY SOMERVILLE

★ ★ ★ ★

THERE'S GOLD in these here hills and don't let any geologist tell you to the contrary. The Skyline Hikers are camped here tonight close to Palliser Pass at the extreme south end of Banff Park and I am reminded of a story of gold—gold in large quantities somewhere on the east face of the Rockies within 30 miles or so south of this point. (Keep an eye on your horses, Bud, or some of these dudes will be off on a prospecting trip before morning.)

Our geological friends state that gold cannot exist in limestone mountains such as the Rockies but the prospectors know that they do find traces of gold in the gravel bars of many of the creeks. They are not inclined to accept the far fetched story that this gold came from central British Columbia millions of years ago, when that area drained eastward because there were no Rockies. Perhaps also it should be reported that geologists do recognize the intrusion of earlier rock amongst the limestone between here and Crows' Nest Pass.

Traces of gold have been well known in the North Saskatchewan River for 150 years or more. Back around 1870, two prospectors known as Blackjack and Lemon were panning that river, searching for the source lode from which those traces came. Late in the fall they decided it was time to hit back to their winter quarters at Tobacco Plains in western Montana. They followed the well known Indian Trail high up in the foothills where the creeks are small and easy to ford, intending to cross the Great Divide somewhere south of our present camp.

Being good prospectors, Blackjack and Lemon panned the creeks as they crossed them and obtained interesting findings on one of the tributaries of the Highwood River. Or was it the Highwood? On tracing this upstream they found "IT", a great mass of gold bearing rock—not a

little bit of gold in a large amount of rock but a large amount of gold enmeshed in a little bit of rock.

During the evening following this discovery, a disagreement arose as to the proper method of staking and registering the claim and in the end Lemon killed Blackjack but spent the night in fear because of the deed which he had committed. It is quite possible that the voice of his conscience was assisted by ghostly calls from two young Indians who, unknown to the white men had watched the entire proceedings.

The following morning Lemon, with his mind in a seriously deranged condition, proceeded to Tobacco Plains and told the whole story to his priest, showing his samples. The priest sent a halfbreed named John McDougall to the spot with instructions to bury Blackjack, and return with a report and this was done. Winter was coming on, so activity ceased. The samples of gold were assayed and were unbelievably rich.

In the meantime the young Indians had returned to Morley and reported to their chief, the famous Bearpaw. Wishing to retain the territory for the Indians, Bearpaw swore the braves to a solemn oath, never to show the place to anyone and ordered them to return to the spot and cover all evidence, so that no one could ever find it. We shall see how well they worked and how well they kept their oath.

During the winter a small party was organized at Tobacco Plains, to be lead to the spot by Lemon. When this party took off in the spring it was followed by a large number of others, keyed up by rumors of gold in large quantities. However Lemon, in his demented state, was unable to locate the place and the camp followers were

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Watching the "white water" boiling from underneath the log bridge, this group of hikers seems momentarily fascinated. Such instances of water going places in a hurry were provided at several points on the trail by such fast step-pers as Bryant Creek and the upper Spray.





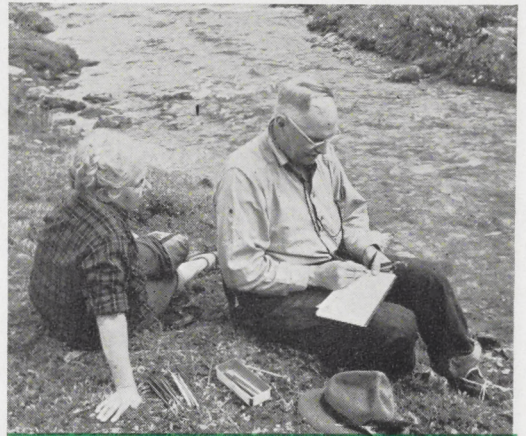
This photo will take you back to 1943, provided you were on the hike of that year when we camped at Skoki Lakes. Group is seen on the Temple road.

enraged, assuming that they were being deliberately misled. Their threats drove Lemon violently insane and he never recovered. However John Macdougall had been to the place and so another party was organized. During the night before the take-off Macdougall celebrated too well and died before morning of alcohol poisoning.

During the ensuing years numerous individuals and numerous groups have sought the Lemon mine but without success. The skeletons of two men were found west of Fort Macleod with gold in their pouches which appeared to be "Lemon" gold. Perhaps more skeletons lie in that general area.

Time moved on and Lafayette French appeared on the scene. He was from the eastern States and had been prospecting in the west when Lemon and Blackjack discovered the mine. Later, perhaps about 1890 he appeared in the Highwood country and searched methodically for a number of years. Soon his activities came to the attention of Senator Dan Riley who operated a ranch in that district. A friendship developed between the men and eventually a partnership. To French the discovery of the Lemon Mine was a full-time job, to Riley it was an interesting side line. In following out his system French tried to bribe the two Indians who had covered up the mine, but in this he was unsuccessful.

After some years of this partnership French was returning from one of his prospecting trips and spent the night at the Emerson Ranch but was seriously burned in a fire which destroyed the ranch house. Though in a serious condition, he moved on to the Bar U where he mailed a letter to Senator Riley announcing that he had



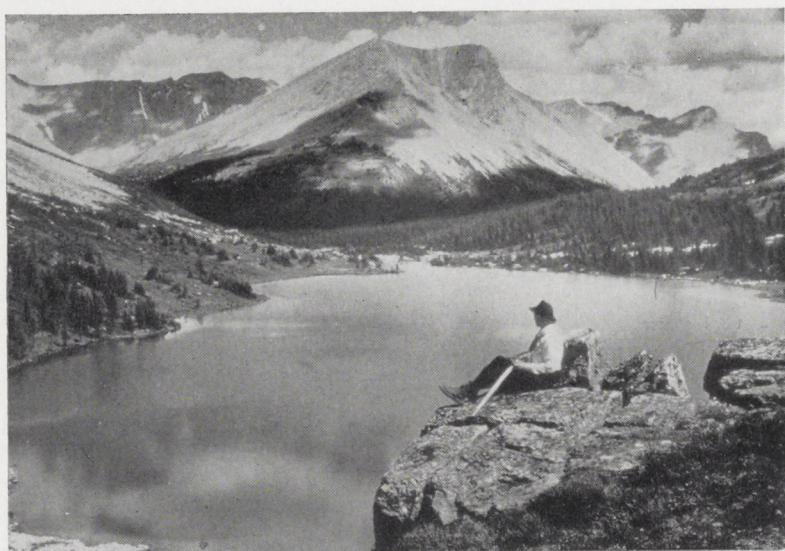
Another scene of yesteryear shows Dr. and Mrs. R. C. Riley, of Calgary, down by the riverside. Dr. "Bob" appears to be intent on a writing job.

found "IT" and would come to High River shortly to report. French never reached High River but died of his burns enroute.

Senator Riley's story of the search for this mine can be found in Robert E. Gard's book "Johnny Chinook". In that story the Senator is reported as saying in relation to French, "From him I learned the Indian trails, the passes and the camping grounds; learned to pack, to travel and to love the silent mountains. And so, though I found no gold, I can truthfully say now, that I have found something that gold cannot buy".

★ ★ ★

● Jerry wants to know if you heard about the two corpuscles that loved in vein.



The perennial fascination of an upland lake holds a hiker spellbound — and who wouldn't be under the same circumstances? Hiker holds hiking stick in left hand — probably wishes it was a fishing rod just this once.



Hikers pause on shoreline to gaze and admire.



Hikers are overtaken on the trail by mounted guide. No, he's not trying to make the foot-sloggers envious. Just pulled up to give them a few pointers on the trail ahead. Hikers used horses themselves last year for first time in history, but only to ferry them across the swollen waters of the Spray.



HEADS IN THE CLOUDS NEAR SKOKI



They came, they saw, and were conquered—conquered by the majestic panorama that spreads out before them! Hikers in foreground belong to the high-climbing variety, having strayed considerably from the gentle trails of the lowlands. It will be noted that both have their feet and ice axe planted in a thick patch of upland snow—snow that in all probability will stay to meet the first snows of the coming winter. Photo was taken on the 1953 hike, when we hiked the broad Ptarmigan Valley to Skoki Lakes. Somewhere below—beyond the camera's eye—nestles our tepee town.

(R. A. Gish)



No, you're not looking at a trail ride scene. For the first time in history, hikers used horse transport on the trail. Due to high waters, a horse ferry was operated on each side of Spray River, providing convenient shuttle service. Only two hikers crossed the stream on foot.



Hike was famous for its floating bridges.



Hikers mill about buses which took them from Banff to trailhead at upper end of Spray Lakes. Here they bid farewell to conventional forms of transport and let their hob-nailed boots take over. Hike into camp covered approximately eight miles.



Wedding Bells to Ring For Two Popular Hikers

Our hike count will be two less than originally anticipated. And it's all the fault of a cherubic-looking little fellow with a pair of wings and a bow and arrow. Dan Cupid—who else?

And though his well-directed arrow punched a hole in our passenger list, it continued on to its principal targets—hiker Don Loudon (a brother of Bob) and hikerette Carol Potter, both Calgarians.

Then came the hike cancellations with the explanation that wedding bells would ring out just about the time we'd be completing arrangements for the hike. And though, they'll be missed, never have we received a more just explanation for a hike postponement.

Needless to say, we all wish Carol and Don the very best of luck, and a wealth of happiness along that matrimonial trail. Perhaps they'll be back with us in '56.

A Hiker's Dream

by PATSY STEWART

Out where the sun shines a little brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a wee bit lighter;
Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Where friendship's link is a little truer.
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Where laughter sings in every stream flowing;
Out where the world is still in the making,
Where fewer hearts in despair are breaking.
Where there's more of singing, and less of sighing,
And a man makes friends without half trying;
Out where the glow of campfire's burning—
That's where the hike is, and I'll be returning.



Hikers Tell Tall Tales!

● Fred Schneider and a group went out to climb Mt. Smuts. They took with them ice axes, crampons, ropes, spittoons, pontoons and water wings. After establishing Camp I they came back to base camp. Next they went up and established Camp II taking with them ice-axes, crampons, etc. In all, they established four camps in a similar way. Finally they neared the top, but Fred, in the lead, knew they could not make it. He grabbed his knife, cut the line, and let his party free. They fell, then bounced right back up—up on top of Mt. Smuts. Explanation: there was a spring at the base of the mountain.

● Jack Hulbert told a story from depression days, about a guide in the Tetons. To make a little extra money he used to pack beer on his trips. When his party became very tired he would park them in the sun and remark, "I'd give \$10 for a bottle of beer". When the dude said "So would I", out came the bottle.

Jack also was told how to combat mosquitoes. He was to take a candle made with sage and with this singe the mosquitoes. That worked fine in the tepee until only one mosquito was left. Then the candle was blown out by the whirr of mosquito wings and a voice said "Phooey on you! I'm a Spray River mosquito".

● Henry Chanter told of a dream he had. Mt. Assiniboine was to be the jumping-off place for Heaven. Ladders were placed reaching to its top and all hikers were instructed, after getting a piece of chalk, to get up there and write out a list of their sins. Evelyn, on the way up, met Sandy on the way down—going back for more chalk.



Hikers made most of their prolonged stay at Spray Lakes while awaiting arrival of Banff-bound buses. The beauty of the lakes and surrounding mountains started camera shutters clicking merrily, while some even tried their hand at fishing.

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 Morton, Mrs. J. R., Washington, D.C.
 Mulvey, J. C., Tacoma, Wash.
 Myrek, Miss Laudie, Saltcoats, Sask.
 Nathan, George, Chicago, Ill.
 Nelson, Henty, New York, N.Y.
 Nelson, Miss Jeanne, Calgary, Alta.
 Nicholls, Frederick W., Jr., Reading, Pa.
 Nicholls, Mrs. Frederick W., Jr., Reading, Pa.
 Nichols, Graham, Montreal, Que.
 Niven, Miss Bunty, Calgary, Alta.
 Niven, Mrs. F., London, Eng.
 Noble, Miss Ella, Calgary, Alta.
 North, Mrs. E. C., Summit, N.J.
 O'Brien, W. J., East Orange, N.J.
 Oliver, Mrs. Lorna, New York, N.Y.
 Omohundro, Mrs. H. P., Scottsville, Va.
 Ottinger, Carl F., Chicago, Ill.
 Packham, Miss Mabel, Calgary, Alta.
 Page, Miss Isabel W., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Palenske, R.H., Woodstock, Ill.
 Palenske, John, Wilmette, Ill.
 Palmer, John, Calgary, Alta.
 Park, Miss Lorna, Calgary, Alta.
 Parker, Miss Lydia B., Saskatoon, Sask.
 Paterson, Mrs. Joan, Calgary, Alta.
 Patterson, Miss Audrey, Edmonton, Alta.
 Patterson, Miss Edith, Truro, N.S.
 Patton, Miss Barbara, Dallas, Tex.
 Payne, John, Calgary, Alta.
 Payne, Mrs. John, Calgary, Alta.
 Peck, Miss G., Moose Jaw, Sask.
 Peckham, H. G., Vancouver, B.C.
 Pecover, Mrs. W. M., Calgary, Alta.
 Pedlar, Mrs. Fred, Olds, Alta.
 Penman, Miss Clair, London, Ont.
 Phillips, Mrs. W. J., Calgary, Alta.
 Phillips, W. J., Calgary, Alta.
 Plater, Miss Janet I., Hamilton, Ont.
 Plommer, Miss Connie, Vancouver, B.C.
 Plommer, J. J., Vancouver, B.C.
 Porter, Miss Eva, Calgary, Alta.
 Porter, Cy R., Victoria, B.C.
 Porter, Mrs. Cy R., Victoria, B.C.
 Preston, Mrs. Carvel, Salmon Arm, B.C.
 Pritchards, Miss K., Nelson, B.C.
 Prybylowski, Miss Florence, LaCrosse, Wis.
 Pullen, N. F., West Vancouver, B.C.
 Pursell, Norman, West Vancouver, B.C.
 Pursell, Mrs. Norman, West Vancouver, B.C.
 Quehl, Mrs. E. B., Battleford, Sask.
 Ramsay, Miss Helen, Edmonton, Alta.
 Rabinowitz, Edwin X., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Read, Dr. George, Saskatoon, Sask.
 Read, Walter T., Regina, Sask.
 Read, Miss Mary B., Conshohocken, Pa.
 Redfern, Miss Edna, Calgary, Alta.
 Reesor, Miss Marion, Brandon, Man.
 Reid, Mrs. Charles, Banff, Alta.
 Reid, Miss Ruth, Edmonton, Alta.
 Rice, Wallace H., Kansas City, Mo.
 Richards, C. A., Calgary, Alta.
 Richards, Mrs. C. A., Calgary, Alta.
 Riddoch, Miss Beth, Calgary, Alta.
 Riley, Dr. R. C., Calgary, Alta.
 Riley, Mrs. R. C., Calgary, Alta.
 Riley, Miss Pat, Calgary, Alta.
 Ritchie, Miss Peggy, Salmon Arm, B.C.
 Roberts, Ian, Montreal, Que.
 Roberts, Tom, Montreal, Que.
 Robinson, Miss Kathleen, Tranquille, B.C.
 Robinson, Miss L., Calgary, Alta.
 Rogers, Mrs. D. N., Southampton, England
 Rolston, F. W., Hamilton, Ont.
 Round, F. W. E., Edmonton, Alta.
 Rungius, Carl, Banff, Alta.
 Rushby, Mike, Nelson, B.C.
 Russell, Capt. E. N., Victoria, B.C.
 Sabin, Mrs. Helen, Winfield, Alta.
 Sampson, H. E., Q.C., Regina, Sask.
 Sandman, Miss Ida, New York, N.Y.
 Sanger, Miss Gladys, New York, N.Y.
 Sayers, Miss J. Molly, London, England
 Schneider, Fred, College Point, N.Y.
 Scott, Miss J., Calgary, Alta.
 Segal, Sol, Chicago, Ill.
 Segal, Mrs. Sol, Chicago, Ill.
 Sherwood, Dr. T. K., Boston, Mass.
 Shulman, L. W., Calgary, Alta.
 Sieburth, Miss Louise, Vancouver, B.C.
 Sieburth, Mrs. Mary, Vancouver, B.C.
 Siegfried, Miss Jerry, Wichita, Kans.
 Silverman, Miss R., Chicago, Ill.
 Slane, Henry, Peoria, Ill.
 Slocum, Mrs. Mable Oggesen, Buffalo, N.Y.
 Sloper, Leslie A., Boston, Mass.
 Smith, Miss Adelaide, Montreal, Que.
 Somerville, Dr. A., Edmonton, Alta.
 Somerville, Ian C., Willow Grove, Pa.
 Somerville, Mrs. I., Willow Grove, Pa.
 Spalding, Miss K., Calgary, Alta.
 Speakman, Dr. Tom, Winnipeg, Man.
 Speakman, Miss Gena M., Calgary, Alta.
 Speakman, Miss M., Edmonton, Alta.
 Spreat, Miss Isobel C., Calgary, Alta.
 Steeves, Miss Helen, Calgary, Alta.
 Stevenson, Prof. O. J., Guelph, Ont.
 Stevenson, Mrs. O. J., Guelph, Ont.
 Stewart, Mrs. J. N., Red Deer, Alta.
 Stewart, Miss Patsy, Red Deer, Alta.
 Stratton, Robert, Woodbury, N.J.
 Strawbridge, Miss M. S., Montreal, Que.
 Struthers, Miss Betsy, Calgary, Alta.
 Sutherland, Miss Margaret, Calgary, Alta.
 Sutter, Miss Cora M., Edmonton, Alta.
 Swartz, Mrs. Ira, Kelowna, B.C.
 Tannahill, Miss Eunice M., Huntington, Que.
 Thal-Larsen, Herman, Berkeley, Cal.
 Thal-Larsen, Mrs. Herman, Berkeley, Cal.
 Thelen, Miss Mary F., Virginia.
 Thomas, Miss D. M., Malvern, England
 Thomson, Harry L., Vancouver, B.C.
 Thomson, Mrs. Harry L., Vancouver, B.C.
 Thurston, T. M., Calgary, Alta.
 Tilen, Dr. J. G., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Trotter, Miss Peggy, Calgary, Alta.
 Tucker, Miss E. M., Brandon, Man.
 Turbayne, Miss L., Banff, Alta.
 Turbayne, Miss Lois, Calgary, Alta.
 Turner, Miss Dorothy, Calgary, Alta.
 Tye, Miss Madeline, Banff, Alta.
 Vair, Robert A., Calgary, Alta.
 Vallance, Mrs. Peter, Calgary, Alta.
 Vallance, Peter, Calgary, Alta.
 Vallance, S. R., Banff, Alta.
 Vallance, Mrs. S. R., Banff, Alta.
 Van Haaften, Miss G., Amsterdam, Holland.
 Vaux, Henry, Bryn Mawr, Pa.
 Vey, Miss Margaret, Tranquille, B.C.
 Waddell, Mrs. Alice, Calgary, Alta.
 Wagner, Miss Edith, Toronto, Ont.
 Wall, Miss Shirley, Armstrong, B.C.
 Walker, D. H., Penhold, Alta.
 Walker, Miss Elva M., Monterey Park, Cal.
 Ward, J. D., Bronxville, N.Y.
 Ward, Mrs. Samuel, Banff, Alta.
 Ward, Samuel, Banff, Alta.
 Ward, Miss Margaret, Evanston, Ill.
 Watkins, H. C., Calgary, Alta.
 Watkins, Mrs. H. C., Calgary, Alta.
 Watson, Miss Doris, Edmonton, Alta.
 Watson, Miss Kay, Calgary, Alta.
 Wayne, Miss Eileen, Calgary, Alta.
 Webster, Mrs. E. C., Staveley, Alta.
 Weekes, Mrs. Mary, Regina, Sask.
 Westinghouse, A., Saanichton, B.C.
 Wheeler, John O., Sidney, B.C.
 Wheeler, Brig. Sir E. O. M.C., Vernon, B.C.
 Wheeler, Lady Dorothea, Vernon, B.C.
 Whyte, Miss Dorothy V., Lynn Creek, B.C.
 Wilde, Mrs. W. J., Stratford-on-Avon, Eng.
 Wilder, Miss Emma L., LaCrosse, Wis.
 Wilson, Miss Gladys, Edmonton, Alta.
 Wilson, Miss Leonore, LaCrosse, Wis.
 Winn, Dr. A. R., Montreal, Que.
 Wishart, William, Calgary, Alta.
 Wolfenden, Mrs. L. C., Toronto, Ont.
 Wood, Miss Marion B., Conshohocken, Pa.
 Wortman, Mrs. Margaret, Enderby, B.C.
 Wright, Miss Gwen, Vancouver, B.C.
 Wurstenberger, F.L., Turner Valley, Alta.
 Wurzbarger, Paul D., Cleveland Heights, O.
 Wurzbarger, Mrs. Paul D., Cleveland Heights, O.
 Wyatt, Miss Elva A., Chicago, Ill.
 Wylie, Miss Bessie, Calgary, Alta.
 Wylie, Miss M. C., Calgary, Alta.
 Yauch, C. E., Olds, Alta.
 Young, John, Edmonton, Alta.
 Zech, Mrs. Luther, Howard Lake, Minn.
 Zillmer, Dr. Helen, Milwaukee, Wis.
 Zywert, Miss Julia J., Chicago, Ill.